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Avery Art Galleries, N.Y.



RITICISMS

ABOUT



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1890

ART CRITICISMS
FROM THE
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERS
— UPON PAINTINGS IN THE —
PARIS SALON, ROYAL ACADEMY
AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS

BY

WILLIAM L. PICKNELL

Born in Boston, Mass

Pupil of Gèrôme

Honorable Mention, Paris, 1880

Silver Medal, Boston, 1881

Gold Medal, Boston, 1884

Member of the Society of British Artists, London, and Society
of American Artists, New York

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1890

EXTRACTS FROM FRENCH PAPERS.

Rarely have pictures exhibited in the Salon by an American artist been praised as highly as those by WM. L. PICKNELL.

Paul Mantz, in *Le Temps*, found one of them "*vraiment remarquable*," and the painter "*un praticien d'une virtuosité triomphante*." Armand Sylvestre, in *La Vie Moderne*, finds one a "*véritable chef-d'œuvre*" *** "*Le plus remarquable assurément de la section étrangères*." Charles Veron, in his *Dictionnaire*, speaks of the painter as having a "*véritable talent de paysagiste*."

Le Temps.

MR. WM. L. PICKNELL, who has exhibited with us since 1876, belongs to a colony of Americans who live in Brittany, and, like many of them, he has become a landscape painter.

In his picture, "On The Edge of The Swamp," the trees have movement, but the remarkable work by Mr. Picknell is the "Road to Concarneau."

The realism of the subject has been interpreted in the most simple manner. The execution is powerful and Mr. Picknell comes out triumphant for handling, and for those who study methods this picture is a treat. The austerity of the work does not rob the picture of any of its charm, which is full of light and color. Mr. Picknell is a great artist.

La Vie Moderne.

WE have been over roads burnt by the sun, such as shown by Mr. Picknell, who sends us a veritable masterpiece. How this hot road of yellow sand, glaring in the sun, leads on to the flowering woods, under a blue sky and hot atmosphere, in which the music of the crickets seems to vibrate.

Lines of flowerless tufts and russet colored undergrowth follow this straight, pale golden ribbon.

A wagon has stopped and its shadow is outlined with extraordinary sharpness on the clear ground. I do not think anyone ever gave a more perfect impression of torridity. Painted with a dash and firmness, this picture is certainly the most remarkable in the foreign section. For execution and solidity only one picture in the Salon is equal to it, that is Vollon's "Still Life."

La Voix qui parle.

THE CONCARNEAU ROAD. The artist had a happy thought in coming all the way from Boston to see and paint it. It is done, as seen through Nature's mirror. The foreground is bold in aspect; by half closing the eyes the background seems to lose itself in the distance.

Le Journal des Arts.

THE CONCARNEAU ROAD of Mr. Picknell's, which took a prize, is powerful, original and real. The long ribbon-like road, which stretches on and on until lost in the distance, between the two rows of

trees, is extraordinary in its truthfulness. We have all been over, in rain and sunshine, just such roads as this.

Paris Journal.

MR. PICKNELL, an American artist, has fascinated us with the sentiment of well defined effect and luminous sunlight with which he floods his painting.

L'Estafette.

WHAT appears to us ridiculous, is only an honorable mention accorded to Mr. Picknell, whose landscape has created such legitimate admiration.

The American Register.

MR. W. L. PICKNELL certainly stands very high among the American landscape painters. The "Road to Concarneau" continues to call forth favorable comments from the hundreds who pause to study it each day. It has an excellent out-of-doors' effect, which manifests great skill in its author.

Gil Blas.

HERE we are before one of the most remarkable pictures in the exhibition. I refer to Mr. Picknell's Brittany landscape. A deserted road lined with watery ruts, where the clouds are reflected like a mirror.

The yellow ribbon lengthens out into the sombre depths of a pine wood. The nearest trunks look like pillars of a church ; on either side are flowering shrubs, luxuriant in growth.

The ditches are full of stagnant water. The grass invades the road like a leper, and, all alone, leaning over the neck of his lean, lank beast, rides lazily along the country doctor on his accustomed rounds. A superb piece of painting.

Journal des Amateurs.

ONE of the finest landscapes in the Salon is by Mr. Picknell, whom we would be proud to count among our country's geniuses.

L'Universe Illustré.

THE color of this landscape, by Mr. Picknell, is vigorous, and we predict for the artist an Austerlitz in the near future. The artist's work has been very much admired, but forgotten by the prize distributors, probably because he lived at Pont Aven.

Le Petit Journal.

IT is not a necessary characteristic of a French landscape that it should be a smiling scene in spring, with flowers. Compare the landscape by Mr. Picknell, an American, of a road coming from an infinite distance, bold in aspect, big in feeling, and all obtained by the artifices of color, to those around it; here we have air and life.

La Semaine Francaise.

FOREIGNERS are working hard. If their works were classified by nationalities and hung together, as was suggested last year, their section would not have been the least interesting. Among others of this year, let us point to a remarkable picture by Mr. Picknell, one of the strongest landscapes in the Salon.

La Champagne.

MR. PICKNELL, to whom we would have given a medal, unfolds the never-ending road through the brush of a Brittany highland, under an inky sky, beaten to pieces by the storm. Wonderful effect—equal to any wood scene by Ruysdael.

Le Globe.

WHOEVER has been through Brittany and became impregnated with the austere severity of its highlands will render full justice to the truthful brush of Mr. Picknell. A marvel of exactness and relief.

Le Rappel.

ALONG a wet and lumpy road Mr. Picknell takes us into Brittany. Sombre pines, damp grass and clumps of flowers, grouped along the road—yet it is winter.

A Brittany winter greets us often with smiles. This landscape, full of air and broadly painted, is one of the best in the exhibition.

Moniteur des Arts.

MR. PICKNELL has interpreted with considerable talent a winter's day in Brittany. A traveler on horseback rides alone, along a deserted road that crosses the solitary highlands.

This wood has no ending, for it seems to cut its way through the masses of trees on both sides, and lose itself in space. The first frosts have not yet killed everything, for some robust flowers still remain to lighten up the sad day.

La Siècle.

THIS winter day in Brittany, by Mr. Picknell, unfolds before us, the ruts full of water, the shrubs, the large black pines, solemn and severe, outlining against the sky their majestic silhouettes.

Is not this nature, true, sincere ; loved for herself, reproduced without recipe or thoughts of the narrow precepts of a school !

L'Estafette.

THOSE who admired last year the superb landscape by Mr. Picknell will find a worthy companion for it this year.

Charivari.

THOUGH America has ill-treated French artists, by imposing upon their works an excessive import duty, it would be unjust not to recognize in Picknell an artistic temperament, both truthful and energetic.

Le Finistère.

WITH Mr. Picknell and his picture, which he simply calls a landscape, we are transported to the suburbs of Concarneau. A road in front of the spectator winds along towards the horizon, shut in by spare pines. The never-ending road would be deserted but for a figure, moving forward, bent by the violence of the wind. A grey sky betokens the presence of winter. This is also evident by the long gutters of water that furrow the road, all heightened by a strange and characteristic coloring over the entire desolation of the landscape. There is in Picknell's handling a correctness of observation, a vigor and solidity, which promises a fine future for him.

Le National.

MR. PICKNELL, an American landscape painter, knows how to give a marvelous interpretation to Brittany.

Moniteur des Arts.

NOVEMBER solitude, by Mr. W. L. Picknell, is an impression of Nature, interpreted with a rare sentiment, truth and sincerity, deserving the highest praise.

Gazette des Femmes.

MR. PICKNELL takes us over an American road, cutting through a valley, half clay, half grass and sprinkled with rocks, under a cold sky.

This landscape ranks among the first in the Salon.

Le Courrier de Bretagne.

LET us note, first of all, a large canvas by Mr. W. L. Picknell, called a "Winter's Day in Brittany." It is a heather country, through which runs the road from Concarneau to Pont-Aven. Nothing could be more exact, more real, more powerful. The snow has not yet fallen, but you can see it is cold and that Nature has lost its last vestige of verdure.

I find in this fine picture the same bold, rugged, qualities that I noticed last year in this same artist's exhibit, whose handling is so French. I congratulate him sincerely for his work.

Continental Gazette.

MR. PICKNELL'S landscape is very boldly painted and carefully observed in every detail: a fine picture.

La Soleil.

LET us begin our review by mentioning a canvas that has impressed us the most, a landscape by Picknell.

Le Gaulois.

MR. PICKNELL'S picture is one of the best and most conscientious landscapes in the Salon.

A wet road winds its way through the ravines of undulating ground, which show here and there, on either hand, flowering tufts and big trees.

On the background a line of pines, outlined in silhouette against a clear sky.

La Femme et la Famille.

MR. PICKNELL has made a fine picture at Ipswich, Mass. A road in the middle, with a cart moving along; in the foreground chalky earth, white and yellow flowering shrubs and enormous moss-covered rocks. Above and beyond all a blue sky, flooding everything with a gorgeous light. The scene looks like Brittany at its best.

La France.

LOOK at Mr. Picknell's two pictures: "Ipswich" and "Coast of Annisquam." Full of life, light and poetry.

Le National.

MR. PICKNELL is progressing. His canvases are full of sunlight, and contrast strongly with those around him. They are full of more animation and light, which brings them nearer to truth than the others.

EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

The Athenæum.

MR. PICKNELL'S "La Route de Concarneau" is intensely sunny, being a picture of blue shadows on a yellow road in brilliant sunlight, with vivid tints of deep verdure, splendidly painted. The force of tone and color is remarkable.

British Architect.

IN "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," W. L. Picknell gives us a most powerfully realistic study of a fisherman and boat on the open sea.

London World.

MR. PICKNELL sends a landscape too, besides the familiar scene with one figure—in this instance a young fisherman standing in a boat at sea—in which he loves to sum up his strength and versatility.

Morning Post.

THE prizes of highest money value are represented by "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," by Mr. W. L. Picknell, whose ploughman proves to be a fisherman laboriously hauling his well-filled net aboard his smack, which glides swiftly over a lonely sea on a sunny afternoon.

Morning Advertiser.

ONE of the best landscapes in the large room is "A Stormy Day," by Mr. W. L. Picknell, who has very successfully rendered a fitful ray of light across a piece of moorland on which stands a solitary cottage. This large painting, of a subject almost barren in itself, affords evidence of the highest qualities to which a landscape painter can aspire.

London Times.

PASSING along the wall we find a large and powerful landscape by a man who, though his style is too French for most lovers of landscape in this country, is still both an honest observer and an artist of talent, Mr Picknell.

Royal Academy.

MR. PICKNELL'S large canvas in close proximity is as truthful and honest a bit of work as is to be encountered on any of the walls.

The year is not strong in landscape ; indeed, the English school at the present moment is not strong in it ; but there are many pictures in the exhibition that have the root of the matter in them more certainly than this. Mr. Alfred Hunt paints Nature because he loves her ; and such men as Mr. Picknell and Mr. Alfred East—to take two promising young painters whose work improves on acquaintance—paint her because her moods of gloom and brightness strike forcibly on their imagination, and tempt them to grapple with serious problems of art.

Illustrated London News.

ALL are painted with remarkable strength and solid work, qualities which are also to be found in his countryman W. L. Picknell's "Stormy Day," in which the gleam of sunlight from behind the storm-cloud is truthfully depicted.

The Queen.

THE FIFTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of works selected by prizetholders in the present year, held at the society's galleries, 112 Strand, has in it the elements of interest, if not of novelty. The picture by W. L. Picknell, "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," is the £100 prize, chosen by Mr. W. G. Judge from the Society of British Artists, and is a strong piece of painting in which the realism does not approach vulgarity. In the very early morning a young fisherman is laboring with his nets in the distant sea, the design possessing an interesting suggestiveness.

Building News.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE annual exhibition of this old society opens with a fairly good collection of oil pictures. Perhaps there is nothing in the five rooms to surpass the work of W. L. Picknell, a fisherman in a boat, hauling in a net, entitled, "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep." The misty light of early morning has been ably managed, the dark, solid form of the boat and its occupant forming a powerful contrast. Very truth-

ful is the green reflection of the boat in the water. Mr. Picknell's other important work, a large centre picture in the large room, "A Sultry Day," is an equally powerful production. The scene represents a coast with white chalky cliffs, a stalwart sailor carrying on his head a basket of seaweed. The hot sun is cleverly expressed by strong shadows on the white beach, the deep blue sky and sea, and the reddened face of the man. As Mr. Clausen has given us the poetry of labor in the field, Mr. Picknell has made the toilers by the sea his theme.

Pictorial World.

THE rooms in Suffolk Street contain a collection of pictures above the average of the Society exhibitions and many works of a very high order. Among the latter we may mention Mr. Picknell's two subjects, one of which is the first picture to attract attention, "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep." In the early morn on a smooth sea a fisherman is hauling in his nets. The figure and the boat are painted with a vigor and precision that carries the impress of truth. In the large room is another picture by Mr. Picknell, "A Sultry Day," wherein the same model is carrying a basket on his shoulder in the full blaze of noonday sun on a chalky shore, an even finer example of the artist's work than the last mentioned.

Sunday Times.

FIRSTLY, I must draw attention to W. L. Picknell's "Wintry March," a very fine painting, and of great merit as a work of art.

Illustrated London News.

MR. PICKNELL, and the two Messrs. Wyllie, all show a very distinct advance upon the work of former years, and contribute pictures which raise the level of the present year above the average of many of its predecessors.

Bath Argus.

THE new Art Gallery in Pall Mall may be congratulated upon the success of the present collection. The strongest pictures are two coast scenes by W. L. Picknell. The first, "A Sultry Day," which occupies the post of honor, is a large work representing a fisherman carrying a basket of seaweed across a stretch of sandy marl away from the sea. The figure stands solidly and grandly from the canvas, and the beach is delineated with a brightness seldom seen in a picture. The effect of the hot sunshine is markedly visible. The other work is the same fisherman gathering in his nets from a boat tranquil on a sea of grey and blue in the mist of very early morning, and the title, "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," is sufficiently suggestive.

Morning Advertiser.

FAR manlier is the art of Mr. W. L. Picknell, who has painted a robust laboring man on "A Sultry Day," exquisite in drawing, and firm and solid in treatment. The effect of strong sunlight is thoroughly skillful. This is unquestionably the picture of the collection.

Sunday Times.

OF Mr. Picknell's two pictures we prefer "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," but there is undeniable power in "A Sultry Day"—a man in strong sunlight carrying a basket on a chalky shore.

Observer.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ALTHOUGH this year's exhibition does not, as a rule, surpass the usual level of attainment, the society may be congratulated on the unusual number of works in their gallery which are well calculated to arrest attention. Among these the first place belongs to Mr. Picknell's powerful effect of sunlight, "A Sultry Day." It is a study of a fisherman walking up from the beach with a basket on his shoulder. The sun is beating down with dazzling effect on sea and shore and cliff, and the shadow is thrown blue-black on the white sand baking in the sunbeams.

The Queen.

A LARGE canvas, upon which is a figure study of a fisherman carrying a basket upon his shoulder, "A Sultry Day," is a complete realization of the motive of the work, by W. L. Picknell. Positive effects in nature may be forced, and thus made vulgar by the artist, or may be just realized with perfect truth, as in this instance. It is a broiling hot day by the seaside, and the atmosphere glistens in the scorching rays of the sun. In the distance is the sea, the waters suggesting a pleasing contrast to the fiery heat.

Magazine of Art.

MR. PICKNELL'S "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," and "A Sultry Day," are distinguished by exceptional vigor of handling and a strong sense of reality.

Lloyd's Weekly.

TO our mind the best landscape there is Mr. W. L. Picknell's "Wintry March." It is badly hung, of course ; being too fresh and powerful for Academical jealousy to permit of its telling on the line. "Wintry March" is really painted on this canvas as well as printed in the catalogue ; and to look at it is almost to feel the bitter wind, to be weighed down by the remorseless stormy winter that blackens this dreary and romantic landscape. Strongly painted, the work is full of restrained feeling and true imagination ; and, to mention only one detail of excellence, it contains a noble group of firs, in which the character of those grand trees and the gloomy poetry of their aspect are more truly felt and set forth than in any other modern picture we remember.

Liverpool Mercury.

THE seventeen pictures and drawings which have been recently acquired by the Corporation for the permanent collection at the Walker Art Gallery have been hung together in the second room leading out of the Rosette gallery, and are now available to the public. The principal centres are occupied by Faer's picture "When the Children are Asleep," and Picknell's fine landscape called "Wintry March."

Liverpool Mercury.

NEAR to this is one of the most telling landscapes in the whole exhibition, "Wintry March," the work of a new comer here, William L. Picknell, but who is one of the American contingent of painters whose landscape work appears at the Salon in Paris. It combines the qualities of both the above-mentioned pictures, and is what every landscape should be, rather an inlet into nature through a frame than what is commonly meant by a picture, and, though on a large canvas, shows how small a portion of nature is required when painted with feeling. The scene is well composed, and, moreover, has such a fresh quality of color, such energetic execution, and such a fine broad effect, that it thoroughly conveys its meaning, and is so forcible and true that it carries all before it. The subject is simply a common or moor, with fir trees to the left, capitally painted, while an old horse in the middle distance is grazing. The undergrowth of the wet moor is handled with subtle dexterity.

Sunday Times.

ONE of the most notable things in the galleries is a strikingly forcible study of sunlight on a figure by the sea, by Mr. W. L. Picknell, entitled "Sunshine."

Manchester Guardian.

MR. W. L. PICKNELL'S "Brocklehurst Road" was quite one of the best landscapes at this year's Academy. It is only a study of an open road

running straight and far between a double belt of trees and gorse, but the color is full and fine, and the sunny open-air effect at which the artist aimed has been very happily secured.

Building News.

THE delightfully naturalistic landscape of Mr. W. L. Picknell, "A Stormy Day," in which the gleam of sunlight on the cottage and sea, forming the middle distance, is skillfully thrown upon the canvas, the foreground being steeped in shade.

Daily News.

MR. PICKNELL'S "Sunshine" depicts a swarthy French peasant staggering along the coast under the blazing sunshine of the early afternoon. The shadow of his figure on the sand is grey blue, and at the sky line the colors of the sea and the heavens meet in an intense sapphire and turquoise. Light palpitates and color glows through the picture.

Chronicle.

MR. W. L. PICKNELL calls his picture "Sunshine," and sunshine it is beyond all question. A fisherman, carrying his basket of fish upon his back, is coming up from the sea, across the sands, in the full blaze of the noontide sun. The very atmosphere scintillates with sunny rays, and there is no mistake about an absolute realization of the motive of the artist's design.

The Queen.

“**S**UNSHINE,” by Mr. W. L. Picknell, a fisherman carrying his basket of fish up the beach, is a most absolute realization of the motive of the work, for the atmosphere is brilliant in the light of the sun.

Daily Press, Bristol.

IT would be difficult to discover fault in W. L. Picknell’s “Sunshine;” the dark figure of a man leaving the sea shows out well against the bright atmosphere, and the scene betrays a keen eye for the picturesque.

The Athenæum.

ONE of the best studies of effect in the Salon is the noble piece of color and richly toned landscape by Mr. Picknell, a pupil of M. Gerome, and a citizen of the United States. Mr. Picknell has sent two works, of which we especially admire “Near Annisquam” where torrid heat and the fiercest glare prevail. The modelling of the land and the aerial gradations are of very fine quality indeed.

Liverpool Courier.

FOРЕМОST among the landscapes in the central gallery is “Sunshine and Drifting Sand,” by W. L. Picknell, a brilliant and powerfully handled example of this eminent painter. It deserved a leading place on the line, but its great merits are sufficiently obvious in its present elevated position.

Bristol Times and Mirror.

“AFTER THE STORM” and “Sunshine” are by Mr. W. L. Picknell. In the former the artist has been most successful in the treatment of his subject, and in “Sunshine” his talented brush is also seen to advantage.

Building News.

BUT one of the great pictures of this exhibition is W. L. Picknell’s powerful canvas, “When Shadows Lengthening Fall,” a laborer with bundle of wood on his back, trudging along a barren rock-bound road. The hard lineaments of the man toiling along are in keeping with the stern features of the roadside, and Mr. Picknell could not have painted realism more truthfully ; its very austerity touches the heart.

Chelsea Advertiser.

“WHEN SHADOWS LENGTHENING FALL” by Mr. W. L. Picknell, the last-named being a far-reaching landscape with a most powerfully drawn figure of a man coming down a country road.

Graphic.

IN a large picture of moorland and mountain, “A Stormy Day,” Mr. W. L. Picknell has rendered a beautiful and very transient effect with great ability. The color is of fine quality, and the handling broad and firm.

Weekly Dispatch.

“WHEN SHADOWS LENGTHENING FALL”
by W. L. Picknell, is a canvas loaded with color, an afternoon among boulders ; figure with a few faggots—a strong and effective picture.

The Academy.

TWO of the most promising landscapes of the year are shown by Mr. Picknell, who has ventured to consult Nature at first hand and without *parti pris* taking the effects which he best feels and understands, and giving these back with an individuality of his own impressed upon them. He paints on a large scale and displays handling of marked strength. The atmospheric effects, the bracing freshness of certain aspects of English scenery are very happily realized. Of the two important examples we prefer “Sunshine and Drifting Sand”—a vast expanse of sandy hillock scantily overgrown with stunted herbage, to the aspect of which the happily realized effect of sunshine checkered by fleeting clouds lend a peculiar charm.

Liverpool Mercury.

AFTER looking at trivialities, it is refreshing to view the fine seascape in gallery No. 3, called “Sunshine and Drifting Sand,” by William L. Picknell, the painter of “Wintry March,” in our permanent gallery, and which is one of the most striking and original works on the walls. The picture represents a scene of sand, sea, and sky, and the artist has been successful in painting the effect of full

light upon the sand. Apart from the skill with which the sandhills are handled, with their scanty growth of rushes, they make a good contrast to the deep blue sea. There is a strong feeling for atmosphere throughout the work, and as a faithful transcript from nature by a keen observer and clever painter, the work is complete. Mr. Picknell, although an American, may be almost regarded as a French artist; and his work has attracted attention.

Southport Visitor.

MR. W. L. PICKNELL, in "Sunshine and Drifting Sand," delineates a grand expanse of sea and shore produced with an intense fidelity to nature.

The Artist.

"SUNSHINE AND DRIFTING SAND" is a strong and novel harmony of color, by W. L. Picknell, who with rare skill gives the blinding effect of sand in full sunlight, relieved by a deep blue sky.

This is one of the most originally treated landscapes, both in subject and technique, to be seen on the walls.

Illustrated London News.

MR. W. L. PICKNELL'S "Sunshine and Drifting Sand," almost makes one feel the scorching heat under which the old weather-beaten boat is cracking. There is another work by this artist, having almost the same motive, which also merits attention, both pictures being among the best landscapes of the year.

Liverpool Mercury.

“**SUNSHINE AND DRIFTING SAND**” is a strong and novel harmony of color by W. L. Picknell, who with rare skill gives the blinding effect of sand in full sunlight, relieved by a deep blue sky. This is one of the most originally treated landscapes both in subject and technique, to be seen on the walls.

Leed's Mercury.

MR. W. L. PICKNELL'S “Bleak December”—the edge of a forest, of which the leafless trees against the pale yellow sky are rendered with truthful poetry. There is a thoroughness and manliness about the touch of this work, which is sadly wanting in many of our home-born and home-bred landscapists.

“**BLEAK DECEMBER,**” a very fine landscape by W. L. Picknell—much better seen here than it was in the Academy last year. The very spirit of the rugged common, the gaunt bare trees, the gloomy firs, and the glistening hollies, has been seized.

W. L. PICKNELL has lent his masterly work, “Bleak December,” the sky and atmosphere of which are so clearly cold and bleak that they almost make one shiver to contemplate them. The drawing of the old gnarled trunks and the color of the bracken in the foreground are grand. The picture was in the Academy a year ago.

Athenæum.

“SUNSHINE AND DRIFTING SAND,” by Mr. W. L. Picknell, gives the blinding white of the dunes and a deep blue sea in full sunlight. It is capital in its strength and harmony of color and splendid illumination. “A Dreary Waste of Land and Shore,” by the same artist, is charming in its breadth, richness of tone and tint, and extreme simplicity. Brilliant white sand and dry herbage are painted in the fullest light, with harmony and vigor.

Saturday Review.

MR. PICKNELL belongs to the number of those who paint in their own natural way, without the stamp of the manner of any school, and who give no other evidence of their foreign education than that artistic breadth of view which is happily becoming commoner in England. His powerful forest picture, “Bleak December,” easily carries off the palm both for strength and distinction.

Building News.

WE have generally something strong by W. L. Picknell. His “Bleak December,” a large landscape, a track through the outskirts of a wood, is one of the best of the kind in this year’s exhibition, not affecting the teaching of the school which loves to depict the mere minutiae of Nature ; nor, on the other hand, the somewhat vague impressionism of the French style. Mr. Picknell retains the traditions of our most popular landscape artists.

Middlesex Mercury.

BEFORE leaving Gallery I., we are bound to notice Mr. W. L. Picknell's excellent forest scene, which he calls "Bleak December," and which shows a glade of pine trees, with a glimpse of more open country beyond, a picture admirably colored and composed.

London Times.

EXPERIENCE has taught the public not to expect very much from the fine art galleries of miscellaneous exhibitions. Those which have been formed at the American Exhibition, however, are decidedly above the mark, and though they give an imperfect idea of what the youngest of the modern schools is doing, they are still worth visiting. They prove at all events that America is learning the business of painting in Paris, and (as was pretty generally known before) is learning it well.

Of landscape painters by far the best is Mr. Picknell, who sends the work that was lately bought by the Corporation of Liverpool, and who is among the most powerful of the painters who now strive to combine the lessons of Constable with those of his French followers.

EXTRACTS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

Boston Home Journal.

OUR artist William L. Picknell has gathered fresh laurels during his professional sojourn in England. A Liverpool journal reports that his "Wintry March" was one of his principal pictures hung in the apartments occupied by the Queen on her recent visit to that city, and was greatly admired by her majesty. The paper further says that M. Picknell's "Sunshine and Drifting Sand" has a central hanging in the Southport Art Exhibition, and is "a brilliant and powerfully handled example of this eminent artist." The painter will return home about the end of May, and work here as usual during the summer.

Boston Transcript.

MR. PICKNELL'S great landscapes now on exhibition give us the best view of his remarkable power that has ever been enjoyed here. They are his last summer's work on Cape Ann, and represent its sands and shores in the largest and grandest fashion, and yet with that positive realistic detail which is the stamp of all the best art of to-day. One of the two principal works embraces in its composition a gray sandy reach with a rich green bank of broken hillside formation; the other is all arid sands and sea. In the former, the power and grasp of the artist in

conveying the solidity and expanse of the earth and the richness of its clothing of verdure, recall nothing less than the power and grasp of Courbet in the expression of such aspects. Boston cannot too earnestly congratulate herself that her rising generations of new artists can so ably maintain her traditional renown. The sturdy, unfaltering technique, the realistic delineation, the perfection of detail, in either of the two great canvases, are of the best modern school; but beyond and above all that are the genuine artistic motive and feeling, the elevated tone of the true priest of nature's worship, which no school can impart, but which must be inborn, and nourished by the atmosphere of refined and earnest love of nature and truth, such as is breathed in Emerson's pages.

Boston Weekly Transcript.

AFTER seeing Mr. Picknell's pictures, one is strongly impressed with a feeling of downright *strength*, just as one is after looking at a Courbet. Primarily, the gift of seeing things through the eyes of a painter governs this work. Power of selection, discrimination and pictorial accent, together with arrangement and composition; besides a keen eye to note everything, every natural effect, knowledge of the most priceless artistic expedients to obtain unpaintable effects, and a hand trained to consummate ease, facility and precision. For Picknell looks at Nature widely, acutely withal, and without dangerous generalizations in seeing. The generalizing comes in the working out. In a given subject he sees everything, but seizes precisely the facts which are inevitable for rendering

what he sees. He is an impressionist in the largest way, but he is an analyst as well. He knows all there is in a subject before he tries to leave anything out. Pleasure in his work is threefold ; because he knows what is requisite to the making of a picture ; because he shows a wide and deep and searching knowledge of what is before him, and because he is a marvelous workman. The same delight comes to one in examining his work that comes in hearing a consummate piece of musical execution. There is a muscular quality in the work that is exhilarating.

Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

MR. JOSEPH E. TEMPLE, who endowed the Academy of the Fine Arts with the sum of \$50,000 for the maintenance of the "Free-day Exhibitions," has just presented to that institution a handsome landscape painting entitled "On the Borders of the Marsh," by William L. Picknell, which was one of the prominent features of the late exhibition of the Society of Philadelphia Artists. In presenting this painting Mr. Temple requested that it be marked as No. 1 Contribution in the Temple Collection.

The Directors of the Academy adopted the following in recognition of the gift :

"The Board consider it a very important addition to the permanent collection of the Institution. As a work of art its merit is universally acknowledged ; and as an example of landscape painting it becomes doubly useful. This branch necessarily not being included in the course of instruction in the Academy, the pos-

session of this picture, remarkable for its breadth of treatment, freedom of handling, and truth to Nature, enables the Board to present to those desirous of obtaining a knowledge of landscape work an admirable example for study and imitation."

Evening Sun.

MR. PICKNELL'S work has from time to time been seen in this city, but on no occasion when his rank as an artist was so fully and pleasantly established. The paintings are chiefly scenes combining shore and sea. These, as indeed all the paintings, reveal that the artist is chiefly impressed by the broad, free way in which Nature blocks out the landscape; solid chunks of land, strips of sea and segments of blue ærial depths, or, in place of sea, a wedge of wood, show how strong are his constructive qualities.

N. Y. Herald.

ONE of the most vigorous and artistic of our landscape and quasi-marine painters is W. L. Picknell, of Boston, an interesting little display of whose works is now on view at Avery's Gallery. Mr. Picknell, who returned a few years ago from residence abroad, has devoted himself since then to painting scenes along the New England coast. His art, always robust and true, has gained in refinement during the past few years, and he may now be classed in the first rank of American painters.

N. Y. Star.

AT Avery's Gallery there is now on exhibition an interesting collection of pictures by W. L. Picknell, another American artist who has achieved eminence as a landscape painter. His method is simple and direct, his color is clear and luminous. Most of his pictures are painted in a high key and are full of light and atmosphere.

Town Topics.

MR. AVERY is at present exhibiting some really remarkable work by an American artist, Mr. W. L. Picknell. This gentleman has a power of filling his pictures with bright sun, fresh air and natural interest which makes an inspection of his works as good as a view into the country. His mastery of aerial perspective is almost as marvelous and as his talent is recognized in Paris and London, no American gallery ought to be without an example of Mr. Picknell's genius.

To Day.

THE special exhibition of Mr. W. L. Picknell's pictures in the Avery Galleries ought to permanently confirm the good impression made by this able artist's previously exhibited work.*** Every good quality in his earlier work is retained and amplified, much that is new and beautiful has come out of extended investigation and enlarged knowledge.*** In this exhibition he takes his place in the van of the new art of America, of which our generation has witnessed the birth and growth.

N. Y. Tribune.

THE thirteen paintings by Mr. W. L. Picknell represent recent phases of the painter's art. There has been no attempt at complete representation of his career, but this group of pictures is probably the best representation of Mr. Picknell's work which we have had.

This little group of paintings will provide much enjoyment for many artists, and for those amateurs who enjoy work done in a frank, independent spirit, by a painter who has an unusual appreciation of outdoor color, together with a command of form which many of the plein air brethren lack.

Magazine of Art.

A COLLECTION of thirteen American landscapes, by Mr. W. L. Picknell, was on exhibition during March, at the Avery Gallery, N. Y. The little group is a brilliant one, every picture showing solid work, serious study and ability on the part of the painter to see American landscape characteristics, especially the American atmospheric conditions, without the intervention of foreign mannerisms.

The Collector.

EUROPE, which sends back to us so many denationalized talents and ambitions which find their level in imitation rather than creativeness, has conferred at least one boon upon our art in the person of W. L. Picknell. It is a decade and a half since the young artist, of twenty years or so, crossed the Atlantic

to enter on a formal course of training in his Art. Under George Innes, two years in Italy; under Gérôme in Paris for a brief period; and then forth to Nature, with the guidance of Robert Wylie, that forceful young genius who died all too young: such was the programme which, after ten years, sent to the exhibitions of the Salon and to our own galleries pictures so full of fibre, truth and power, that those whose eyes could see clearly at once hailed the painter as a man of the future. The earlier exhibits of Mr. Picknell showed very clearly the influence of the Brittany colony in which he painted. The impasto was frequently heavy. The handling was sometimes hard. But in them you were sure to find skies that vibrated, and light that flashed and gleamed with the quivers of life. Now, the vibrating skies and the quivering light remain, along with a refinement of treatment and a power of expression that secure results which the old extravagances of technique could never obtain.

At Mr. Avery's galleries there are now some pictures by this artist, in which he shows to a more decided advantage than in any exhibit he has hitherto made. They are the results of his summer's work at or near Annisquam, with one exception, which is a figure piece, an interior. The two least pretentious of the Annisquam canvases are variations of the same subject. It is a grassy hillside, with outcroppings of granite rock. In one you see, looking inland, only hill, sky, grass and stones, but you see them in the vividness of a blazing, blue, midsummer day, that causes you to blink for a moment, and pass your hands over your eyes, as when you step suddenly out of doors and are momentarily dazzled by the uncom-

promising radiance. The other canvas gives you the same hillside looking seaward—again grass, rocks, a throbbing sky, and under it a sea that crawls drowsily to the horizon in the stupefying heat of noonday. The manner in which these pictures are painted is quite photographic in the general impression of reality conveyed ; but there is no photographic littleness of detail, and the strength and vitality of the color, so simple in scheme, so broad in application, and so brilliant in its approach to the vividness of nature, are, even in my memory of this artist, unique.

In sharp contrast to these midsummer memories of the coast, here is a subject from the farming country within the sea girdle. It is a simple rural motive, thoroughly American in character, taken on a gray day chill with the frosts of late fall. The land is wet with rains and crusted with rime. The noble oak trees are bare, and the shrewd wind that puffs out of a sky ominous of snow, rattles the denuded thickets. A few crows forage in the barren fields. The sense of penetrating moisture and of a nipping and an eager air is as clearly conveyed here as in the other canvases was that of heat and light. In the next picture the artist introduces us to a back-yard study of old Annisquam in early spring. The blossoms are on the apple trees. The green blush of renewed vitality is in the turf of the orchard, where a village girl, as dainty a figure as Boughton ever painted, makes a tiny picture by herself. The tender color, the subdued brightness of the sky, even more than the apple-blossoms themselves, tell us that this is the revival of the year. The art of suggestion, after which the impressionists strive by exaggeration in vain, is here given its loftiest and most refined legitimate development.

From Picknell, the landscape painter, let us turn to Picknell, the figure painter. This is "The Quiet Hour," in a quiet corner made sumptuous by the luxurious paraphernalia of a refined house. Seated in an arm-chair, over which a grizzly bear skin rug is draped, a lady in black is examining the photogravure plates in a "Salon Catalogue." She has her left shoulder turned towards us, and her face is seen in less than profile, crowned with a magnificent coil of bronze-brown hair. A broad white lace collar falls about her neck, and a morsel of white lace is visible at her wrist. Nothing more simple than this arrangement could be imagined, nor more forcible. Every detail—the rugs, the brass jardiniere and other side-board accessories, and the rest—is painted with the skill of a cabinet piece, yet with a historical breadth of touch. The coloring is powerful, with the cool richness of a room which the tempered light of latticed windows shields from oppressive heat. The harmony of the title is perfectly realized in the harmonious repose of this domestic Eden, in which one sees a silence broken only by the soft respirations of a perfumed breath.



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